WITTY, WISE AND WICKED MAXIMS

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WITTY, WISE AND WICKED MAXIMS

WITH A PREFACE BY

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS

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BRENTANO'S

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To

SAMUEL P. AVERY

LOVER OF ART, LOVER OF BOOKS

LOVER OF NEW YORK

PREFACE.

JOUBERT, who wrote maxims, had an elevated idea of the value of maxims. It may not have mattered to him that he was, but he was, an interested and, according to maxims an incompetent, judge. Balzac called his maxims axioms, but his disinterested maxims of a bachelor about marriage—do you think that they are axioms? Proverbs that are only anonymous maxims, like legal references, defend both sides of every question. How Sancho Panza wielded them! Maxims are deceptive.

They should be deceptive even if it were possible by comparison and elimination to reduce them to indisputable facts, as this maxim of the negroes in ancient colonies of France: "Do not put your foot in an ant-hill and think that you will be able to discover the ant that bit you." Why? Because

everybody reads a maxim according to his temperament. Because there are those who never understand anything, and those who make commentaries longer than texts. Because there is nothing except the individuality of man in anything. Maxims are not valuable.

In them one may find everything that one wishes. They are precepts and they contradict one another. They are rules of action and everybody interprets them. They pretend to tell what one wants, and everybody who knew would be a god. Anybody who could tell, instead of breaking stones on the highway or writing maxims, would kiss the trembling lips and diamond-powdered locks of stars. They are only the opinions, impressions, thoughts of mortal men, and they have no more interest than may be attached to the individuality of those who expressed them. Maxims that are anonymous are absolutely worthless.

There are no anonymous maxims in this compilation of maxims expressly called

phrases. They are phrases witty, wicked and wise; are there any that deserve one of these qualifications and not one or both of the others? Who shall make the classification agreeable to anybody but himself? Yet there are the names of the authors to aid one; for some are names of deliberate wits. But it is not enough to know them; the state of mind of them at the time of their utterances should be divined. There are moments when deliberate wits have a heart, I think.

In a preface which Dumas wrote for a book of thoughts of an anonymous person, one may read praise of anonymity. Dumas thinks that a work is good or bad whatever the name of its author be, and that to know the name may affect one's judgment with particular considerations. He thinks that a book of thoughts should be judged independently of the personality, the acts and the past life of the authors. But a thought may be beautiful or not, according to the circumstance that evoked it and to the mind in which it flashed.

The soldier Æschylus returning from battle may say things which, coming from a poltroon would be the veriest fanfaronade. Dumas must be mistaken; for thoughts are not ordinary merchandise. A beautiful gown may come of a dishonest milliner's workshop, but a thinker with vile instincts cannot deliver sincere thoughts. His thoughts are his mind expressed, and if noble sentiments, enthusiasm, adoration for the beautiful, be not in his mind, he shall not draw them out of it; he shall produce ignoble and hypocritical counterfeits.

There are, in this book, thoughts of men of genius, and thoughts of simious comedians. If they were not all signed they could not be easily distinguished. They were not all gathered from printed books; some were in autograph letters, others in albums. The extraordinary sentiment expressed by Augustine Brohan and Rachel's comment, are in a collection of all the illustrious autographs of the time made by Philoxène Boyer. There are unpublished works

of Meyerbeer and Félicien David, in that collection made by a poet of genius.

There are, in this book, thoughts that are amazing to me. They are thoughts about women, and I never supposed that there might be a particular manner of regarding women, the triumphant lilies, the glory of the abyss of infinite azure, the gracefulness of swans caressed by waves of silver. In June, does the festival of roses, the orgy of gaiety, pleasure, living purple, serve as a theme for any sort of opinion? Need one think, to enjoy the sounds of delicious music, the warmth of wine; or to admire beings to whom were given the harmonious seduction of rhythm and the splendor of stars?

I have heard from sages as Alphonse Karr and Théodore de Banville, who knew everything, that nature had created the sweetbrier and the female, and man had made of them the rose and woman, these two master-pieces of ideal grace. I have read that women were Amazons in Thrace when men were warriors; chiefs of armies as Boadicea;

learned in the time of Aldus and Stephanus; princesses in gowns of pearls and diamonds or of tinsel as Mary Stuart and Marguerite de Navarre. They played the lyre at Cyprus and Mitylene; the clavichord in the Trianon of Marie Antoinette. In the time of Lamartine they were frail, thin, transparent, pale, fainting, fed with dew and sighs. At present, lithe, athletic as Diana, they drag stuffs of old gold, gowns of plush verdigris or dry-rose and skirts embroidered and painted. They were, they are, they shall ever be as men will make them. They are angels when men are virtuous. Are not the men who have found them wicked simply condemning themselves?

Read Barbey d'Aurevilly. He was an honor to literature. He had the physique of his works. The face of a warrior, of a hero; the eyebrows long; the eyes penetrating and black; the mouth, small, delicate, formed like a drawn bow and expressive of infinite kindness. He threw back his head with an imperious air, and spoke in a voice

deep, sonorous, with inflections of profound sadness and colored like the inks of his manuscripts, which were black, purple, bronze and vermillion. He wore gold or silver braid at his trousers, waistcoat of antique pattern, cravats of Mechlin and Alençon lace, an ample frock coat of blue or black cloth with gold buttons. He was as superbly unfashionable in his views as in his dress. He died in 1889, aged eighty-two years, in his apartment on the first floor of a very old house in the most obscure quarter of the Rue Cherche-Midi, in Paris. He died in poverty. He was a novelist, a literary critic and essayist, a poet, a man of the world, and a man of genius.

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS.

I.

It is better to listen to those who shout at us from afar, "Relieve our misery," than to those who whisper in our ears, "Augment your fortune."

Marie Leczinskœ.

II.

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world and people are glad to get away from them as from a cold room.

George Eliot.

III.

In love, to be serious is to be grotesque.

Paul Meurice.

IV.

Hatred is a precious liquor, a poison dearer than that of the Borgias, because it is made of our blood, our health, our sleep and two-thirds of our love.

Charles Baudelaire.

V.

God created fools that men of wit might regret life less.

Alexandre Dumas.

VI.

When a man says that he has a wife, it means that a wife has him.

Gavarni.

VII.

God created birds to teach people how to kiss.

Chincholle.

VIII.

The chain of wedlock is so heavy that it takes two to carry it—sometimes three.

Alexandre Dumas.

IX.

Pashas like tigers, I like cats; cats are tigers of poor devils.

Théophile Gautier.

X.

One dies in full happiness of one's former unhappiness.

Jules Lefèvre-Deumier.

XI.

They are neither relatives, nor friends, nor citizens, nor Christians, nor men perhaps: they have money.

La Bruyère.

XII.

It is often woman who inspires us with the great things that she will prevent us from accomplishing.

Alexandre Dumas.

XIII.

Happiness is so fragile that one risks the loss of it by talking of it.

Jules Lemaître.

XIV.

Let your charitable gifts be anonymous gifts. These have the double advantage of suppressing at once ingratitude and abuse.

Alexandre Dumas.

XV.

There are three things difficult: to keep a secret, to suffer an injury, to use leisure.

Voltaire.

XVI.

Clocks that strike seconds cut life too minutely.

Marie de Sévigné.

XVII.

The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it Saturday night. It shows fatigue.

Alexandre Dumas.

XVIII.

What is happiness? Love realized.

Jean Reboul.

XIX.

Friendship ends where loan begins.

Alexandre Dumas.

XX.

I prefer the wicked rather than the foolish. The wicked sometimes rest.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXI.

Loving hearts are like poor folks; they

are contented with whatever is given to them.

Swetchine.

XXII.

If one could be a little patient one could avoid many troubles.

Marie de Sévigné.

XXIII.

The cock of the walk is generally a goose.

Victorien Sardou.

XXIV.

The most disastrous times have produced the greatest minds. The purest metal comes of the most ardent furnace, the most brilliant lightning comes of the darkest clouds.

Chateaubriand.

XXV.

Most men have died without creating; not one has died without destroying.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXVI.

Business is—the money of others.

Alexandre Dumas

XXVII.

Duty is the science of sacrifice.

Jules Simon.

XXVIII.

Duty is something that we exact from others.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXIX.

Three sorts of friends. Friends who like you, friends who do not care about you, friends who hate you.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXX.

Glory makes us live forever in posterity; love, for an instant in the infinite.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XXXI.

All women desire to be esteemed; they care much less about being respected.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXXII.

A woman dies twice: the day that she quits life and the day that she ceases to please.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XXXIII.

The Empire of woman is an Empire of sweetness, skillfulness and attentiveness; her orders are caresses, her evils are tears.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

XXXIV.

Give money, never lend any. The giving makes ingrates only, the lending makes enemies.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXXV,

We blame in others only the faults by which we do not profit.

Alexandre Dumas.

XXXVI.

Absence is the greatest of evils and oblivion is the saddest of remedies.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XXXVII.

The age at which one shares everything is generally the age when one has nothing.

Octave Feuillet.

XXXVIII.

Insults are humiliating to those who utter them, when they are not successful in humiliating those who receive them.

Marmontel.

XXXIX.

In all undertakings the man who fails most often is the man of wit, because he risks much.

Montesquieu.

XL.

We may appear great in an employment beneath our merit, but we often appear small in an employment greater than we.

La Rochefoucauld.

XLI.

Not to do honor to old age is to demolish in the morning the house wherein we are to sleep at night.

Alphonse Karr.

XLII.

Few persons have enough strength of character to suffer and to tell the the truth.

Vauvenargues.

XLIII.

It is only the poor that are generous. The rich cannot give; they have so many wants, so many necessary superfluities, these poor rich.

Alphonse Karr.

XLIV.

The human mind is twice limited: it may love several times and it may fully enjoy love but once.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XLV.

There are minds limpid and pure wherein life is like a ray of light playing in a drop of dew.

Joubert.

XLVI.

Nothing is so sure a cure for love of

women as acquaintance with the men that they admire.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XLVII.

Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

XLVIII.

Some men are different; all women are alike.

Alfred Delvau.

XLIX.

Never say man, but men; nor women, but woman; for the world has thousands of men and only one woman.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

L.

Friendship between two women is never anything but a plot against a third woman.

Alphonse Karr.

LI.

It is rightfully that Ithaca is celebrated: one woman was faithful there.

P. J. Stahl.

LII.

Of all the animals cats, flies and women take the longest time in dressing.

Charles Nodier.

LIII.

A man in love, if sincere, is good for nothing, despite all that has been pretended, but to make love.

P. J. Stahl.

LIV.

Every book written by a woman bears the mark of affection by which it was inspired. It is of works of women, particularly, that one may say with Buffon: "the style is the man.

Delphine de Girardin.

LV.

A woman often fancies that she regrets her lover whereas she regrets in fact nothing but love.

Mme. d'Arconville.

LVI.

The most unfortunate of women was not

the plaintive Ariadne deserted in her island, nor Irene, nor even Rachel lamenting the loss of her children, but it was Eve whom fate compelled to live so long without other women, about whom she might talk evil.

Jean Jacques Weiss.

LVII.

Art is neither a bust, nor a head, nor a body: it is the mind, faith, passion, pain. All art is ideographic.

Joséphin Péladan.

LVIII.

What care I for the public? I do not even know that it exists.

Mounet-Sully.

LIX.

Gambling is a pastime of men of wit and a passion of fools.

Alexandre Dumas.

LX.

Uncles are by nature created treasurers to nephews.

Chevalier Bayard.

LXI.

To admire, to love, to regret, is to live.

Ambroise Thomas.

LXII.

Life is good when good use is made of it.

Ernest Renan.

LXIII.

Life is beautiful when one sees beyond it.

Léon Bonnat.

LXIV.

Man is neither as good as he says, nor as bad as is believed.

Alexandre Dumas.

LXV.

To be a painter have a heart and colors.

Munkacsy.

LXVI.

How great is the number of folks who have existed without having lived!

Gounod.

LXVII.

How great is the number of folks who have lived without having existed!

Ludovic Halévy.

LXVIII.

Man lives by the mind, woman by the heart.

Edouard Hervé.

LXIX.

A woman's love is often a misfortune; her friendship is always a boon.

Mézières.

LXX.

In reality the wise find rest. Everything begins in verse, everything ends in prose.

Camille Doucet.

LXXI.

Sad as a beautiful day for a heart without hope.

François Coppée.

LXXII.

Wrinkles are beds that the gods have dug for our tears.

Emile Augier.

LXXIII.

Perfection is a thing so bothersome that I often regret having cured myself of using tobacco.

Emile Zola.

LXXIV.

Like mythology, charity has its Olympus; the demigods of compassion have their place in it.

Maxime du Camp.

LXXV.

Whoever trusts a woman trusts a thief.

Hesiod.

LXXVI.

The venom of the female viper is more poisonous than that of the male viper.

Benjamin F. Butler.

LXXVII.

The Mitylenians honored Sappho although she was a woman.

Aristotle.

LXXVIII.

Would that the race of women had never existed—except for me alone.

Euripides.

LXXIX.

A woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows.

Chamfort.

LXXX.

Women have learned to cry in order that they might the better lie.

Publius Syrus.

LXXXI.

There are no women the merit of whom lasts longer than the beauty.

La Rochefoucauld.

LXXXII.

Most women prefer that one should talk ill of their virtue rather than ill of their wit or of their beauty.

Fontenelle.

LXXXIII.

Oh woman! woman! woman! Weak and deceptive creature!

Beaumarchais.

LXXXIV.

Virtue in women is perhaps a question of temperament.

La Rochefoucauld.

LXXXV.

A virtuous woman has in the heart a fibre less or a fibre more than other women: she is stupid or sublime.

Honoré de Balzac.

LXXXVI.

Nothing, after a stupid woman, is rarer in France than a generous woman.

Delphine de Girardin

LXXXVII.

Woman is stupid by nature.

George Sand.

LXXXVIII.

The beauty and the virtues of women are

superior to the virtues and to the beauty of men; but a woman ugly and wicked is uglier and more wicked than the ugliest and most wicked of men.

Alphonse Karr.

LXXXIX.

Love is an alchemist. A man in love is almost always a man who having found a piece of coal, keeps it preciously in his pocket, saying: "It is a diamond."

P. J. Stahl.

XC.

Women are the flowers of life as children are its fruits.

Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

XCI.

I have always hated the thoughts of the vulgar.

Jean de La Fontaine.

XCII.

There are years when one is not in the humor to work.

Henri Murger.

XCIII.

When one has no money it is amusing to work.

Alfred de Musset.

XCIV.

The man who is ever lamenting or ever rejoicing is playing a part, for life is neither constantly painful nor constantly gay.

Armand Silvestre.

XCV.

All smiles of children have the same white teeth.

Louisa Siéfert.

XCVI.

Cats, sole treasures of beggars.

André Gill.

XCVII.

Sorrow is a fruit: God does not make it grow on limbs too weak to bear it.

Victor Hugo.

XCVIII.

The true sage makes for himself happiness in miniature.

Albert Mérat.

XCIX.

Pearls of gaiety raining in the light.

André Theuriet.

C.

A libation of drops of dew.

Jose Maria de Heredia.

CI.

The place of the poor is the place of God.

E. Manuel.

CII.

With gold pieces are built pompous palaces; with a penny one may buy a place in Paradise.

Anaïs Ségalas.

CIII.

One word feeds a crowd.

Jean Aicard.

CIV.

The best of expedients to avoid many troubles in life is to think little of one's own interest.

Joubert.

CV.

One is just, economical, laborious, a faithful observer of his promises, because that is an order which fetches more than its cost.

Lacordaire.

CVI.

Men love naturally all that comes from the heart, all that is great, all that dazzles and even all that is strange. A heroic act or a simple act of generosity moves them infallibly and provokes their enthusiasm. They see these acts; they do not see justice in the heart of the just.

Jules Simon.

CVII.

Our confidence in the instability of Fortune is so great that excessive prosperity of our enemies makes us rejoice as the signal of their impending ruin.

Prévost-Paradol.

CVIII.

Whoever is happy, or seems to be happy,

should be incessantly on his knees begging forgiveness for his good fortune.

La Harpe.

CIX.

Women do not live in the future; their reign is from day to day; it is the reign of beauty which can only lose by advancing. Women of genius who wished to govern the world never contemplated a distant horizon.

Arsène Houssaye.

CX.

Twin sisters, vanity and ambition, proceed differently; the first goes on stilts, the second leans on a crutch, for one covets grandeur, the appearance of which is sufficient for the other.

Charles de Bernard.

CXI.

A Cato twenty years of age, an Adonis fifty years of age, are equally ridiculous.

Comte dé Segur.

CXII.

Niepce is dead, and the machine is called a Daguerreotype. It is true that the world discovered by Christopher Columbus is called America.

Alphonse Karr.

CXIII.

There are nations of genius that invent and nations of business that execute ; there are thinkers who discover and skilled ones who exploit the discovery, and often for their own benefit only. Behind a Columbus there is almost always a Vespucius.

Hippolyte Rigault.

CXIV.

Popular successes are very dangerous because they are absolute ; the crowd lauds without restriction.

Edmond About.

CXV.

I hate all these little passions that are only marks of an abject soul, but I do not hate the great crimes : first, because beauti-

ful pictures and great tragedies are made of them; and then because sublime actions and great crimes have the same energetic character. If one man was not capable of setting fire to a city, another man would not be capable of throwing himself into an abyss to save it. Therefore I admire Nero and Decius.

Diderot.

CXVI.

Cynism is the ideal overturned, it is the parody of physical and moral beauty, it is the crime of the mind, it is the brutalizing of imagination.

Lamartine.

CXVII.

The superfluous is so necessary!

Voltaire.

CXVIII.

I have always thought that Paul would have divorced from Virginia if he had seen his love become proverbial and printed in thousands of copies.

Paul de Saint-Victor.

CXIX.

I have never understood how Esau could sell his birthright for a mess of pottage; but there are moments when the least sensual of men would not think it ridiculous to pay dearly for a good slice of roast beef.

Xavier Marmier.

CXX.

It is impossible to amend men without exhibiting them as they are.

Beaumarchais.

CXXI.

The unknown, that is what frightens weak minds.

Louis Blanc.

CXXII.

Misery is dreamy, solitude creative.

Charles Nodier.

CXXIII.

Money has no odor.

Vespasian.

CXXIV.

Provided society may know the amount of your fortune, nobody shall ask for your papers.

Honoré de Balzac.

CXXV.

The absurd man is the one who never changes.

Barthélemy.

CXXVI.

There are circumstantial vices and virtues.

Napoleon I.

CXXVII.

Exile is death.

Ovid.

CXXVIII.

Exile is life.

Victor Hugo.

CXXIX.

Pity them, those who have lived without loving.

Arsène Houssaye.

CXXX.

Caprices of women are the result of a perversion caused by man.

Taxile Delord.

CXXXI.

Literary property is property.

Alphonse Karr.

CXXXII.

Literary property is not property.

Théodore de Banville.

CXXXIII.

Property is theft.

Proudhon.

CXXXIV.

There is nothing polished in England except steel.

Lauraguais.

CXXXV.

After me the deluge.

Louis XV.

CXXXVI.

Calumniate, calumniate, calumniate, calumniate, some of it will always stay.

Beaumarchais.

CXXXVII.

Yes, it is beautiful because it is beautiful.

Guy de Maupassant.

CXXXVIII.

Woman often changes; foolish he who trusts her.

François I.

CXXXIX.

Fortune sells dearly to us what we think she gives to us.

Voiture.

CXL.

Nothing is rarer than a Frenchman who thinks.

Saint-Evremond.

CXLI.

Nobody is happy except the wretched.

Mlle. de Lespinasse.

CXLII.

Poverty is not a vice, it is worse.

Dufresny.

CXLIII.

Only silly things are laughed at.

Prince de Ligne.

CXLIV.

Happy are physicians! Their successes shine in the sunlight and the earth covers their failures.

Montaigne.

CXLV.

I am not beautiful, but I am worse.

Mme. Dorval.

CXLVI.

The parrot, image of the critic! He knows not how to build anything and wants to destroy everything.

Jules Janin.

CXLVII.

Inspiration comes of working every day.

Charles Baudelaire.

CXLVIII.

All sensible persons will prefer dishonor rather than death.

Augustine Brohan.

CXLIX.

I prefer to be Rachel rather than Augustine Brohan.

Rachel.

CL.

The thoughts linked in a book, those which form the web of a book, are the sheath. But the detached thought is the flying arrow. It is isolated, it has, like the arrow in the air, emptiness under it and emptiness above. But it vibrates, it traverses, it is about to strike. Well, let us see; will these strike?

J. Barbey d'Aurévilly.

I.

Cæsar Borgia was a giver of battles with poison, as Bonaparte was a giver of battles with cannon. It has not been demonstrated enough that poisoning as practised in the time of Machiavelli was the economy of murder. In that epoch they destroyed certain men not to destroy nations by throwing them against one another. Personalities occupied more space; masses less.

Battles took place in the highest grades, between prince and prince. A man was an obstacle. He was treated as such. That was called politics. And for those who love humanity it was after all, more human than war. But the perfidiousness of poisoning? . . . may be said. But the ambuscades? Is it not known in war, on both sides, that there shall be ambush? If gamblers agreed to cheat there would be no more cheating.

2.

In reading over the preceding thought on Brogia, wherein I said that poisoning was the economy of murder, I spoke in the name of a modern sentiment which did not exist in the time of Borgia. What I have said is certain; but it was not then thought of by anybody. Politics was a game played between elevated heads. Only, as it was a war of prince with prince, nations paid less of the expenses. At present the masses must intervene in affairs. With that system frightful destructions happen.

3.

To put in the budget, ever overdone, of statesmen :

Cardinal Richelieu said that he knew only three great politicians: Oxenstiern, Grand Chancellor of Sweden; Guiscardi, Chancellor of Montferrat, and Aërsens, Ambassador of Holland in France. Duplessis-Mornay had brought him when quite young in France and was surprised by the depth of his designs. Aërsens served Messieurs of the States as Resident in France from the year 1598 until the truce of Antwerp. Henry IV. was the favored lover of his wife; Aërsens was glad of it. He held the King by his passions and governed their instrument.

It would seem that the opinion and the admiration of Richelieu should suffice for the making of a man's glory. But who remembers Aërsens and Guiscardi?

4.

The last thesis of Cardinal Richelieu,

when Bishop of Luçon, had this title: "Qestio Theologica: Quis erit similis mihi?" These words have become a prophecy after the fact. Glory, like the Power of God, changes the world's relations. It makes of the past the future. Deceptive mirage, which overturns things in order to enlighten them.

5.

There are in the world only two sorts of minds: minds that are metaphysical and minds that are not. And what is not metaphysical is fatalistical, more or less.

Metaphysical minds that are not only metaphysical and that are superior, are the chief minds of humanity. It is Charlemagne and it is Saint Augustin.

Minds that are only metaphysical are Saint Louis and—lamentable to tell!—Robespierre.

One not metaphysical, but superior, is Napoleon.

6.

There is perhaps in history only one Tartuffe eighteen years of age. It is the Cardinal (future) de Retz, playing the ecclesiastic to seduce Mademoiselle de Retz. When Don Juan plays the devout, it is the devil become old and a hermit. Hypocrisy is the maturity of vice and even more than its maturity. A novelist who made a Tartuffe eighteen years of age would be hissed by all the critics. Hiss then History and Nature!—the rich, unexpected and exceptional Nature.

7.

For so much pride that we take in it what is glory?

The noise of a concert of men blind if they be, moreover, deaf.

8.

Legitimists, Monarchists, Bonapartists and men indifferent to any sort of government, may agree if they believe in the gov-

ernment of God on earth. They may be united in what is larger than everything, the two arms of Providence.

9.

What a pitiful thing is political greatness! When La Rochelle, under Louis XIII., resisted so handsomely, Richelieu, who appears to us sublime with perseverance, frightened by the English capture of Fort Saint-Martin and by a conspiracy of Buckingham, counselled a treaty. Cardinal de Bérulle made him deviate, counting on a certain something, he knew not what, which he called trust in God.

Richelieu, the strong-minded man, made fun of him. "The good Monsieur Bérulle," he said, "with his pretended revelations!" He asked him insolently when God was to keep the promise with which He had "flattered" him. Bérulle replied with magnificent simplicity: "I am without enlightenment but not without thoughts and, since you command, I will tell them

to you. I count on La Rochelle as I counted on the Island of Rhé. I expect success not from the siege, nor from the assault, nor from the blockade, but from some prompt and unexpected effort." Richelieu, later, took La Rochelle. Bérulle's confidence had strengthened him. Who knows of Bérulle's ascendancy over Richelieu, discouraged, sarcastic, insolent and on the point of crushing this proud, great man? Nobody! Richelieu appears as an eternal marble, an Olympian mind, before those who gad-about and believe in the truth of glory.

10.

The greatest men in politics, as in war, are those who are last to capitulate.

11.

I am really of those who think that the best way to see the world is to see it through the great poems. The poets surpass travelers and reality, and give for the world of railway-car windows the sublime disdain

that makes us keep our heads on cushions with Sardanapalesque pleasure.

12.

Cowardice is even more in the depths of minds than of temperaments. The trouble and fear that the force of affirmation produces is not known enough. All the evil done by journalism came of knowing how to affirm.

13.

They talk of progress! And modern governments would certainly not wish to be in the place of their grandsons.

14.

Oh! yes, I know the evil that may be done with the best sentiment. There is suffered neither regret nor remorse for the blows that are given.

15.

There is true in life nothing but the chimeras whereof we dream. And so they all finish in suffering.

16.

Children console us for all our sorrows . . . pending the fearful ones which they shall not fail to cause us.

17.

The greatest thinker would be Death, if it could judge Life.

18.

When events daily decrease in height, history becomes a dwarf and passes into biography. It is the last resource. The magnifying glass is applied to every man in order that he may be seen bigger and greater.

19.

What strikes one to-day in reading critiques is the praise that comes with the blow: "Your work is bad, bad in talent and morality; but you are a witty writer, etc., etc." This balancing pole of cowardice which does not want to make enemies and wants, however, to retain the privilege of frankness, is worn-out, but still used.

20.

What a delicious book to write, the silly things expressed by the greatest minds!

21.

The mortal envelope of the Middle Age has disappeared, but the essential remains. Because the temporal disguise has fallen, the dupes of history and of its dates say that the Middle Age is dead. Does one die for changing his shirt?

22.

If there is in the sublime of man three-quarters of insanity, there is in his wisdom three-quarters of disdain.

23.

In France everybody is an aristocrat, for everybody aims to be distinguished from everybody. The red cap of the Jacobins is the red heel of the aristocrats at the other extremity, but it is the same distinctive sign. Only, as they hated each other, Jacobinism placed on its head what aristocracy placed under its foot.

24.

What Catholicism actually lacks, is a Voltaire and a Franklin Catholics, the two extremes of the bourgeois mind.

25.

Our reputation is the ball-mask with which one goes into society; and often is not known the good and amiable thing hidden under the frightful blackness of the mask others attach to a face.

26.

To think of a success in the joy that it gives to a friend, is to drink one's nectar in a golden cup.

27.

In the matter of literary form it is the thing poured in the vase which makes the beauty of the vase, otherwise there is nothing more than a vessel.

28.

I believe in the rare only: great minds,

great characters, great men. What matters the rest! The greatest praise that may be given to a diamond is to call it a solitaire.

29.

Books must be set against books, as poisons against poisons.

30.

While nations ascend in civilization, governments descend in administration.

31.

There is a certain ease in awkwardness which is, if I mistake not, more graceful than grace itself.

32.

Proof of natural narrow-mindedness: love for narrow-minded people.

33.

When superior men are mistaken they are superior in that as in all else. They see more falsely than small or mediocre minds.

34.

To know that one is a force is a consolation for many things, cruel, bitter, broken, and that are life. Self-consciousness is worth more than glory. It is the purest and best conceit. I know nothing similar to soothe a destiny.

35.

"We never live, we await life!" What a beautiful line and what a sad thing!

36.

Superior men must necessarily appear wicked. Where others do not see their implacable eye perceives faults, ridicules and vices.

37.

In things where the heart is not, the hand is never powerful.

38.

You shall see that artists will shed tears over the Orient's slavery as they have shed tears over the liberty of Greece, and for the

same reason. The picturesque departs from everywhere.

39.

The Laocoon of Virgil! . . . I know one more terrible. It is the one smothered and devoured by serpents issued from his own heart.

40.

When they committed the indignity to arrest in France the Pretender of England, the Captain of the Guards charged with that infamy knelt before the Prince and tried to tie his hands, but with twist of white silk. Thus the materialism of the century thought to veil a shameful moral fact.

41.

Letters are dangerous, even for the defense of liberty.

42.

Omar's saying is too witty not to be historical. It is not a man of letters who could have found it.

43.

The first love is as thirsty for confidences as for declarations. It is when one is black with the thunderstrokes received that one buries his affections under twenty feet of silence or thirty-six of pleasantries.

44.

If one could put all his ideas in one word, it would be the masterwork. Who knows but what it would be the masterwork in everything? Words are the prison of thought. To diminish words, to make that wall fall, to enlighten the darkness, this is Art perhaps? There shall be no talking in Heaven.

45.

If Judas were alive he would be State Minister.

46.

Hercules carried the Pygmies in his lion's skin. I like that, as gentleness of contempt. But I do not understand why he carried them.

47.

Ah! if this earth were more than an inn where one passed a night, to-morrow one would have to break the window-panes and set fire to the house.

48.

Only the facts of our life make us think—or the facts of the lives of others. The rest of thought is philosophy—a hole made with a corkscrew in a cloud.

49.

Language is in the breast of our mothers. We drink it with the milk. Language taken elsewhere than from that sacred source is only an awkwardness, which some persons that are all grace make attractive by talking badly.

50.

Gambling is a good thing for provincial society. It is a rampart. It is less interesting for self than preservatory against others.

51.

Imagination does with those that it animates as the bull-fighters do in the Spanish circuses. It wounds with a thousand various darts ornamented with ribbons of purple and gold. It decks you, but it tears you, and the blood flows under all these ribbons.

52.

Man is so profoundly vile that he makes acts which he does not understand villainous, because in that way he is ever sure of understanding them.

53.

The Orient and Greece recall to my mind the saying, so colored and melancholic, of Richter: "Blue is the color of mourning in the Orient. That is why the sky of Greece is so beautiful."

54.

Night is terribly fruitful. Was it not the Ancients who said that Love nude, blind

and armed, came out of an egg hatched by night? How frightful that is, beautiful and true!

55.

Men give their measure by their admiration, and it is by their judgments that one may judge them.

56.

When one has opinions that are currency, I let them circulate.

57.

For Christian metaphysicians, Art is a laughable effort of impotents, an embracing of clouds, nothing more. Oh! yes, even when the Ixion is Raffael, Sebastian del Piombo, Michael Angelo. Let a man be slightly a Christian with an Ideal, and he shall have a better vision of the beautiful by closing his eyes like Milton than by painting, even by painting with the divine brush of Correggio. And this is no reason for not admiring Correggio.

58.

Dedicated to friends who travel: To quit is to lack enough hooked atoms to stay.

59.

Great thinkers love one another from afar.

60.

The mind has white hairs a long time before the head, and they are not white hairs of wisdom, but of rage.

61.

It is the man entire that is eloquent. The look of a man is a part of his voice.

62.

At present a braggart with fifty louis in his pocket is superior to Rivarol at the masked ball.

63.

The most beautiful destiny: to have genius and be obscure.

64.

Neither those who love truth nor those who love beauty can care for politics which cares not for beauty nor for the truth.

65.

Great men unknown. Old theme! There is better still: celebrated mediocrities and celebrated fools.

66.

There is something better than to have portraits and medals, it is to have none. Thus the imaginations of the future shall be made to dream; one believes this who dreams himself. But they, these devils of painters, disconcert imagination.

67.

The wife of Lot turned back and she was changed into a statue of salt for having turned back. Beautiful symbol! When one turns back in life and looks into his past, one becomes a statue also. One is no longer capable of anything.

68.

Journals! Railways of untruth.

69.

It was Vauvenargues, the overpraised Vauvenargues, who uttered this saying of a professor: "It is not enough to have faculties, it is necessary to be economical with them. That pleases the pedants. But economy of faculties is penny-wisdom. When one has torches, one is not saving candles. Vauvenargues economized, for example. Byron, not!

70.

Good subject for an article: literary families. Every man of talent having a son wanting to obtain talent. Aristocracy transposed.

71.

There are folks who are simply vermicelli, like paste and vapid. They are cooked in epigrams and it is the men of wit who furnish the sauce.

72.

When the Emperor saw Goethe for the first time, he said to him: "You are a man!" How did he know? Michelet admires the phrase. But political phrases do not count.

73.

Pride! the most beautiful sentiment of a solitary man—and man is solitary after twenty-five years of age.

74.

The lion does not fly—he is the great prose-writer; the poet is the eagle—he has wings. But the great poet prose-writer is the Lion of Saint Mark, who is a lion and has wings!

75.

Goethe was made of two pieces of great men—of a great poet broken and of a great man of science broken. Nature brought the two pieces together; but has it done, in uniting them, anything other than to break both pieces a little more?

76.

The immense folly of universal suffrage sanctioned—to the shame of the nineteenth century (whereat our grandchildren will split their sides with laughter, if they be not absolute idiots)—why should not the women vote as well as the men? Are not they part of the universality? Why this inequality in fact with this equality in principle? Why, if the valet vote, should not the chambermaid vote?

77.

To be above what one knows, a rare occurrence! Erudition over, a weight; under, a pedestal.

78.

How many who never arrive on time in life! We are strangled between two doors, one of which is called, "Too early," and the other, "Too late."

79.

The novels of other times (of forty-five

years ago) elevated life, and those of the present time make it descend—and they call this being nearer to the truth. It may be.

80.

Goethe, I think, said that a party leader was never more than a corporal. But what is a corporal who takes the countersign from sentinels?

81.

It is only physical force that is respected. Of force of character, of talent, of expression, the least said the better. Ah! the Faubourg Saint-Germain! I am sure that Diogenes was naturally a fair-minded man whom the Faubourg Saint-Germain of Athens exasperated.

82.

"What is glory?" said somebody who does a great deal for glory. "A furrow in the dust."

"If it be no more than this," objected a

lady who thought that she was logical, "why do you take so much pains to leave your mark on that dust?"

And I heard this beautiful reply:

"It is a way of stamping it under our feet."

83.

The only thing feminine and hopeful which remained in our Babelic extravagance of corrupted fashions, was the trail with its majestic modesty. But, in its long folds that I loved, it has not brought back to us reserve.

84.

Self-love in us should have the most and has the least tact.

85.

There is nothing more beautiful than what we see no more.

86.

When one says: "between us," it is complicity.

87.

I know nothing that demonstrates the emptiness of life better than the death of great men and the facility with which the foolish world gets along without them.

88.

How many metals make the bronze of Corinth?

Insults on boards or on paper, the spot of ink or charcoal or mud, the dregs of heart, of mind and of body, the dirt of calumny, all these, under the sun, dry, harden, turn into bronze solid and brilliant—a pure bronze which is called glory!

89.

If politeness were not made of the finest sentiments of life—of charity and humility—these Christian virtues that Christianity alone could evoke—it resembles them, and that is enough to make it adorable!

90.

It is not only Harpagon who puts out one

candle in every two. Alceste does likewise. For what there is in society, one always sees too much.

91.

In rereading Rancé, I find in Chateaubriand a merit that I had not credited to him: he makes one love death.

When one is quite young, the sadness of Chateaubriand bores, as if one were Stendhal; but later the charm, poisoned as all charms, of that sadness of disdain, is felt and understood. Heavens! to make death lovable is of excellent use in life!

92.

Societies, these passing coquettes, wear gowns with trails—and when they have passed and are no longer seen, these trails still drag. . . . Politeness and the Duel are trails like these.

93.

Politeness! Of what use in a reasoning, utilitarian century? It may be relegated

with the dance, fencing and horsemanship, these three forms of the beautiful in motion. They must fall in desuetude in an epoch which has replaced them with gymnastics, even for women—the jockey method which makes of a man a monkey on horseback—and fisticuffs, the rowdy's weapon.

94.

Nowadays there are only good and bad sentiments in opposition, only bad or good dispositions, and it shall not be denied that the bad ones are in the majority. Formerly there were as many bad ones as now, but they were forced to wear the pink satin mask of politeness, even if they suffered a little under it.

And it was a boon that they could suffer.

But as Politeness was not always deserved, a sister called Impertinence had been given to Politeness—a twin sister whose life, like that of certain children, was inseparable from the life of the other sister.

Thus, when Politeness was killed, at the

same instant Impertinence was killed, and nothing remained to us but Insolence, silly as a parvenu, coarse as a man not yet arrived.

Insolence is nature itself! for one may be insolent in benevolence as in bad will, in love as in hatred. Even esteem, that ponderous sentiment, may be insolent. "Take back, sir, your insolent esteem!" said Mirabeau to Beaumarchais. A man says to a woman that he loves her; and there is no middle ground: if he be not a seducer, he is insolent.

What great wit was necessary to overcome this obstacle of politeness and succeed in being impertinent! But insolent, everybody may be.

95.

I believed for a long time that this proposition was just: It is well to kill *one* in order to save *three* men.

I was mistaken. It is false as modern equality, which is equality of numbers.

And, in fact, if the man to be killed be Michael Angelo, or Newton, or Saint Vincent de Paul, must he be killed to save three fools?

96.

In the time when one was polite, one could be cruel, *textual*, contemptuous and terrible, as well, and from the point of view of energy in style and picturesqueness in expression, lose nothing. Politeness gave even to contempt half of itself—the last polish, which made it the better penetrate.

97.

They are neither malevolent, nor self-sufficient, nor wilfully insolent, these little young men, upstarts who would send to Balzac, if he lived, their first book with this inscription: "My dear co-laborer." They are good little young men wanting tact and shades. They lack politeness, that is all.

It seems odd—but people will become accustomed.

98.

I have already said a great deal about politeness, but I shall say furthermore this, by which I shall finish.

It is the best distance-stick between a man and fools—a stick that saves one even the trouble of striking! To be polite with a fool is to be isolated from him. What good politics!

99.

Prince de Ligne called conversation the greatest charm of life, and with good reason. It is the only thing for which I would sacrifice everything.

Certainly the Regent—for whom I feel the greatest weakness of heart, in spite of his vices that I count on my fingers, and I have for him perhaps an eleventh finger, like Anna Boleyn—certainly the Regent was an expert in pleasures, for he had tasted all of them, and he said:

"The only thing worthy of the trouble of living, the sensation which remains fresh as

the dawn when all is faded of all the dawns that we have tasted, is the conversation of a man who knows how to talk."

100.

I was flattering her. "You tell me this," she said, with eyes suspicious, but so beautiful!—"and it is perhaps the thousandth time that you have said it to women." I replied: "If I brought a certificate from all the women as evidence that I never said it to them, you would believe me then?"

She made no answer.

Her silence was not enough womanlike. It would have been more womanlike to reply: "Yes! produce the certificates and I will believe you, but not before."

101.

They were talking of railways. I ventured my point of view: "It is wrong to destroy absence. How will man and woman love each other?"

"Your profound thoughts are ever cruel," said Isaure de G.

"Madam," I replied, "when one bores through thought, one always finds coldness at a certain depth; and coldness for women is cruelty."

102.

Wherever women are on the throne corruption is in manners.

103.

Friendships of women are cushions wherein they stick their pins.

104.

Only a woman can cure of woman. Only a diamond can cut diamond.

105.

Women give their measure by their loves. Not we. We may love below us without derogation; we may elevate to us the last of women, but women always fall to the level of the man that they have the misfortune to love.

106.

I have no faith in friendship between

men and women. The law that rules humanity is Salic; we have no peeresses. The friendship of a woman is *virgin* love or *widow* love. It is love *before* or *after* love.

107.

A woman whose love one wants and who does not yet love one, is only an enemy.

108.

One loves only beautiful women; one adores the ugly ones . . . when one loves them.

Do not we sculpt our dream in the flesh of all the women that we love? Do they exist otherwise than by us? Are not we their Archbishops of Rheims, and is not our genius the dove that brings to us the unction with which we consecrate them as Queens of our hearts?

109.

It was well to take green for the color of hope. It is the color of verdigris. There is no sentiment that oxidizes more quickly or poisons hearts better.

110.

One is in love much more for the faults of the person loved than for her qualities, because they individualize more. Beauty tends to unity, whereas ugliness is multiple.

111.

One may pay for everything, settle everything, with love. One may efface even the misfortune one has caused.

112.

The first love has influence on the entire life. One loves after, one loves again, and perhaps one may love more ; but one wears a sign in the heart, a sign cursed or blessed, but which nothing can efface. The finger of the first woman loved is like that of God: the imprint of it is eternal. At every love that ends, at every illusion that fades, at every lock of hair cut from heads of persons dead, one image only passes in the empty heart and it seems ever, that one was unfaithful to one only.

113.

Minds out of the common understand one another even when they are tending farther apart.

114.

When a young woman accuses her husband in confidences to her mother, it is either that she has a mind without nobility or that she has ceased to love him.

115.

To suffer when one loves is sweet and good, for it is the happiness of martyrdom; but to suffer for loving no more is the misfortune of life! A very great evil, for one may die of love, and one does not die of having ceased to love.

116.

In giving a name to a child, one must think of the woman who shall have, some day, to pronounce it.

117.

Woman were made to be victims. They

are *marked* to be thus. Do you know why? Lack of pride. Who are those that they will not marry, even without money? We never have wives like the husbands they have.

118.

The first love-letter: the first spot from which all ermines must die.

119.

Men are judges of women. Hear them after dinner! Only, what errors! They make the manners of these innocent or timorous beings with the audacity and the impurity of their minds.

120.

Most moralists appear to me to be people that women maltreated—or who, at least, have ceased to please women.

121.

It is with women as with nations: it is necessary to be happy and pitiless.

122.

One may see the heart of women through the rents which one may make in their self-love.

123.

Supreme seduction is not to express sentiments, but to make them surmised.

124.

When the passion is intense, does one notice that the woman has a mind? Rivarol loved silly women. This is the history of intelligence in love.

125.

It is so seldom nowadays that a woman has temperament, that when a woman has temperament it is called hysterics.

126.

I have often thought of Pascal's question: "What do they love in us?"

You are loved for your handsome face, which you did not make.

I am loved for my talent that I have, at least, developed.

Dreamers!

You are loved because it is said that you are handsome.

And you because you are said to be witty —or because you *pass* for a great artist.

127.

All the great women—great in their style, as Charlemagne, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon in theirs—the Ninons, the Duchesses of Valentinois, the Marchionesses of Pescaire, were old without having been young; and their contemporaries, dupes of their genius, have told us with an air of the most comical good faith that they were always as beautiful, that they had put the heels of their boots on the fearful monster of old age. What do they not say? Read them. But no! do not read them. The laws of human nature are not thus changeable. Nothing is so inexorable as white hair and wrinkles. Only, it is a law also of human

nature that the mind, the will, the interior flame, have their magic, and transfigure perishable materialities.

128.

It is often a delicate manner of courting women to be in the wrong with regard to them. It creates for them the superiority to forgive.

129.

Ask of women nothing but what they can give. They are sublime only when they are mistaken.

130.

If they knew how, at times, one avoids them because one loves them!

CLI.

Paradise is to believe in it.

Catulle Mendès.

CLII.

All this matter is made of thought. Ah! if this thought were made of love.

Eugène Manuel.

CLIII.

The grass of ennui fades where duty blooms.

Henri Chantavoine.

CLIV.

Between the bother of living and the fear of dying.

Catulle Mendès.

CLV.

Wheat is at first only grass.

Achille Paysant.

CLVI.

Conscience has the faces of our fathers vivid in us.

Jean Aicard.

CLVII.

The morose to-day shall be the sweet yesterday.

Catulle Mendès.

CLVIII.

The true resistance of man against catastrophes is an augmentation of humanity. Love one another, aid one another. Soli-

darity of men is the retort to complicity of mysterious facts. It is thus that is established on earth the third term of the grand human formula: Fraternity. Governments put obstacles in the way of Liberty and Equality: they will come in their time, in spite of the monarchy; Equality in spite of the aristocracy. But Fraternity is the opening door, the emptying purse, the helping hand. How may this be prevented?

Victor Hugo.

CLIX.

Only musicians love music.

Adolphe Adam.

CLX.

He has shared his convictions with so many persons that there are none left for him.

Pierre Véron.

CLXI.

I do not like weeping-willows; they bear no fruits and they shade only graves.

Gaspard Mermillod.

CLXII.

Untruth does not endure contradiction; that is the least of its faults.

E. Laboulaye.

CLXIII.

One could not make too many recommendations to a fool to marry a fool.

Octave Feuillet.

CLXIV.

Ah! the knights of the ideal, noble race! but with what terrible adversaries they have to contend nowadays, Self-interest, Envy, Materialism!

E. Caro.

CLXV.

A bald-headed man might be compared to a six-story house. The top is the least decorated.

Paul Siraudin.

CLXVI.

The leaves in Crœsus's park fall with a murmur of bank-bills.

Edouard Pailleron.

CLXVII.

I have often thought of writing a book on suffering. The peace of the world would be in charity, if men could cure one another of the wounds that they inflict upon themselves or that they receive from heaven and earth. One of the recollections of my childhood is of a fire that burned a suburb. Everybody, in that corner of Provence, took a family to his board. Secular hatreds disappeared. There was a week of festivals.

Emile Zola.

CLXVIII.

They are and shall always be scarce, those who say to you in time of failure: "Bravo" and "Courage!" One owes to them only, the resolution and the strength never to falter before the repeated blows of cabal and injustice.

Gustave Doré.

CLXIX.

Other times other songs.

Heinrich Heine.

CLXX.

If my hand was full of truths I would take good care not to open it.

Fontenelle.

CLXXI.

I acted Napoleon as I would have acted Achilles.

Frederick Lemaître.

CLXXII.

Reality, it cannot be repeated too often, varies with every one of us.

Maurice Barrès.

CLXXIII.

The trees are handsome as Kings in mourning.

Ephraïm Mikhaël.

CLXXIV.

Cleopatra is born again incessantly, eternal symbol of the weakness of man before the power of woman.

J. Cantel.

CLXXV.

The thinkers of Israel were the first who revolted against the injustice of the world, who refused to submit to the inequalities, the abuses, the privileges without which there is neither army nor strong society. They imperilled the existence of their little nationality, but founded the religious edifice which, under the name of Judaism, Christianism, Islamism, has served as a shelter for humanity until the present time. There is in this a lesson that modern peoples should meditate. The nations which shall yield to social questions shall perish; but if the future belong to such questions, it shall be beautiful to have died for the cause destined to triumph.

Ernest Renan.

CLXXVI.

Alas! to-day as formerly the humanitarian dream is the enemy, conscious or not, of States and of countries.

Jules Lemaître.

CLXXVII.

I have always been like a horse that gallops after its shadow.

Stendhal.

CLXXVIII.

The Court has forgotten you, sing. A pretty woman quits you for one of your friends, sing.

Prince de Ligne.

CLXXIX.

Sadness is the lot of profound minds and of strong intelligences.

Alexandre Vinet.

CLXXX.

Our sadnesses are of the same order as our desires, since our desires deceived compose them, and our desires are ourselves.

Prévost-Paradol.

CLXXXI.

Wit is the gift of penetrating things without becoming entangled in them.

Bersot.

CLXXXII.

There are moments when I like as well a great muddle as narrow precision; I like as well great marshes, muddy in places, as these two glasses of clear water that French genius throws in the air with a certain force, flattering itself that it may rise as high as the nature of things.

Edmond Schérer.

CLXXXIII.

A marsh is good for nothing but to drown; two glasses of water are not the ocean, but one may drink from them.

Henri Chantavoine.

CLXXXIV.

Criticism is not to deal in praises or to assail with epigrams; nor is it a way of satisfying, by expressing them, our tastes or our individual humor, but it is a common effort, a collaboration of critics and authors toward certainty and truth.

F. Brunetière.

CLXXXV.

It seems to me that irony is simply the attitude of delicate minds that do not wish to express what they think, or do not know themselves what they think, or think nothing.

Paul Desjardins.

CLXXXVI.

Facts are nothing, but the ideas that they signify, the analogies that they evoke, are everything.

Jean Moréas.

CLXXXVII.

I try not to make the Angels cry.

Maurice Bouchor.

CLXXXVIII.

I was reflecting upon the irreducible enigma that women are; I was saying to myself that the duplicity of their mind often wanted nothing, to make them lead lives of serene criminals, but that magic auxiliary: a double body.

Marcel Prévost.

CLXXXIX.

There are seven hundred and sixty-three million ways of regarding beauty. You do not regard it as I; I do not regard it as you; and we are both in the right.

Alfred Delvau.

CXC.

I have heard many men of wit say that it is better to be maltreated by the Press than to suffer its silence or its oblivion.

Rachel.

CXCI.

Thebaids were invented by men for men. Never shall a woman consent to live in a desert. The example of Magdalena may perhaps be quoted; but Magdalena was not alone, since she had the souvenir of Christ.

Alfred Delvau.

CXCII.

Do the most delicate and complicated of them know why they act? No more than a vane which turns with the wind. An imperceptible breeze makes an arrow of

iron, copper, tin or wood, turn on its pivot, in the same way that an imperceptible influence moves and impels to resolutions the changing heart of women, be they from cities, fields, villages or desert.

They may feel afterward, if they reason or understand, why they did this rather than that; but on the moment they do not know why, for they are the playthings of their susceptibility, the dazzled slaves of events, surroundings, emotions, meetings and of all the slight touches that startle their mind and flesh.

Guy de Maupassant.

CXCIII.

The future is contained in the present as all the properties of the triangle are contained in the definition.

Paul Bourget.

CXCIV.

It is morality that judges metaphysics.

Ferdinand Brunetière.

CXCV.

It is from fear of tears that I laugh.

Gabriel Vicaire.

CXCVI.

The works that everybody admires are those that nobody examines.

Anatole France.

CXCVII.

I may be bold in my philosophical speculations, but I have always been extremely circumspect in my behavior. That is easily understood. One is seldom prudent except in one's passions; and I never had other passions than of the mind.

Madame Ackermann.

CXCVIII.

All those that struggled against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret love of men.

Alfred de Vigny.

CXCIX.

What distinguishes friendship between

women from friendship between men, is that the latter is impossible without absolute trust, whereas the former is not. A woman never believes implicitly everything that her friend tells her and this continual reciprocal suspiciousness does not prevent their loving each other tenderly.

Paul Bourget.

CC.

They liked Cleopatra in Alexandria and her statues were not overthrown after her death. It must be, therefore, that she was less wicked than her enemies said. And then one must not forget that beauty is one of the virtues of this world.

Anatole France.

CCI.

I am one for whom the exterior world does not exist. . . . There is no reality for me but pure thought. Minds alone are interesting.

Maurice Barrès.

CCII.

I shall say something which will seem perhaps a barbarous enormity; in my view the writers who can, at a given time, not be like themselves, those for example, who can write a mystic piece after an atheistic poem, have no soul, are only salaried entertainers.

Pierre Loti.

CCIII.

A strange rage this modern mania to give a common manner to all minds and to destroy individuality.

Maurice Barrès.

CCIV.

Love, one may accuse and curse thee, but it is ever to thee that one must ask for force and flame.

Madame Ackermann.

CCV.

When one loves, the slightest indications serve as materials for the worst suspicions,

and the most convincing proofs, or proofs thus prejudged, leave a last place for hope.

Paul Bourget.

CCVI.

Because she is pretty, because she is quite young, above all because she is extraordinarily fresh and hearty, and I know not what in her look attracts mine, there is a charm suddenly thrown on the miserable inn where she lives: I should almost like to stay there; I no longer feel alone; a languidness comes to me, which shall be forgotten in an hour, but which resembles too much, alas! these things that we call love, tenderness, affection, and that we would like to think are grand and noble.

Pierre Loti.

CCVII.

My wife is dead. Well! I shall not resuscitate her by my tears; she is well, she is in Paradise for the least, if not in a better place; she prays God for us; she is very happy; she cares no longer for our miseries

and calamities. God help those who remain. I must think of finding another wife.

François Rabelais.

CCVIII.

I came into the world at the foot of a fig-tree, a day that the locusts were singing.

Paul Arène.

CCIX.

Ignorance, considered alone and aside from truth with which it is so sweetly harmonious, is rest for our intelligence; it makes us forget our past evils, dissimulates the present ones; in fine it is a boon, since it comes to us from nature.

Bernardîn de Saint-Pierre.

CCX.

Young men in meetings put in common nothing but their mediocrity.

Maurice Barrès.

CCXI.

All our dignity consists in thought. Let

us labor, then, to think well. That is the principle of morality.

Blaise Pascal.

CCXII.

A large part of a woman's education devolves on her husband; it is for him to model, to form according to his wishes, to elevate to the dignity of his sentiments and of his thoughts, the young heart and mind that ask nothing but to please him; it is at once wise and charming to add to the ties that bind a woman to her husband, those that unite the pupil to his master, to his preceptor, to his guide, to his friend.

Octave Feuillet.

CCXIII.

The moral world is an immense garden where bloom a thousand facts and every man suffers or enjoys according to his temperament. Why should I blame my neighbor who feels impressions opposed to mine? He calls vile good folks whom I like a good

deal: that excites my curiosity in my best days and ordinarily leaves me indifferent.

Maurice Barrès.

CCXIV.

Women are at ease in perfidy as are serpents in bushes.

Octave Feuillet.

CCXIV.

We understand the infinite a hundred times better by the heart than by the intelligence.

Benjamin Tisseur.

CCXV.

My children, in marriage there is nothing good but the day before.

Octave Feuillet.

CCXVI.

What distinguishes an argument from a play upon words, is that the latter cannot be translated.

Maurice Barrès.

CCXVII.

There is in all societies a certain proportion of honest folks. Thus we are two here, and there is at least one honest man.

Alexandre Dumas.

CCXVIII.

The heart gives wit, but wit does not give heart.

Anatole France.

CCXIX.

Women need not be beautiful every day of their lives; it is sufficient that they have moments which one does not forget and the return of which one expects.

Victor Cherbuliez.

CCXX.

Oh! Jupiter, what present thou hast made to us! Women! What race!

Æschylus.

CCXXI.

Most women are better out of their houses than in them.

Tacitus.

CCXXII.

I am not of those who say: It is nothing, it is a woman drowning.

Jean de La Fontaine.

CCXXIII.

Many women would be quite amiable if they could forget that they are amiable.

Marivaux.

CCXXIV.

Marriage comes after love as smoke after flame.

Chamfort.

CCXXV.

Charming creatures, tax me with coarse sincerity if it do good to your nerves; but respect my experience; I have made sad use of my time; I have been at your feet.

Alexandre de Tilly.

CCXXVI.

There is only one way to praise a woman, it is to talk ill of her rival.

Delphine de Girardin.

CCXXVII.

The more one gives the more one has pleasure.

* *

It is less humiliating to bore people than to amuse them too much.

* *

A fop is a fool unacquainted with himself.

* *

To be politely impertinent is to roll a pill in sugar.

Princesse Karadja.

CCXXVIII.

A statesman is a successful politician who is dead.

Thomas Brackett Reed.

CCXXIX.

Woman is at once apple and serpent.

Heinrich Heine.

CCXXX.

DEFINITIONS BY CHARLES NARREY.

Ambassador: Personage of great importance that nations send to one another to give balls and entangle public affairs.

Friend: Man who shares your good and bad fortune. The good fortune especially.

* *

Angel: The neighbor's wife.

* *

Baby: A puffed angel from a ceiling by Boucher, for parents; a little degenerate monkey, for strangers.

* *

Candidate: A man who is humble to-day that he may be insolent to-morrow.

* *

Caricature: Epigram of drawing and painting.

* *

Celibacy: State of a wise fellow wearing a dozen chains, not wanting to wear one.

* *

Circumstances: The man of genius creates them, the man of talent uses them, the fool looks at them without seeing them.

* *

Contemporaries: Good people who would like you if you were dead.

Conversion: Miraculous change from a religion about which one knows little to a religion about which one knows nothing.

* *

Curiosity: Many persons call it love.

* *

Disdain: An injury that men seldom and women never forgive.

* *

Degenerate: Verb used since the creation of the world to indicate the progress of the human species.

* *

Destiny: Divinity that the fools who have no luck resuscitate, in order to make her responsible for the misfortunes that their silliness engenders.

* *

Duty: What one is bound to do and would like not to do for the sole reason that to do it one is bound.

* *

Divan: Council of the Grand Turk. He sits on it whenever the paying of interest on his bonds is broached.

Economy: Exquisite quality which may exist among the poor only; the economical man of wealth is an abominable miser.

* *

Epitaph: Inscription on a tombstone regulating the virtues and the talents of the dead by the amount in dollars of their legacies.

* *

Explanation: Explanation of an obscure text that most often makes it more obscure, unless somebody explains the explanation.

* *

Fop: A fool, glad to be what he is.

* *

Fatality: Cause of all the faults committed by women.

* *

Gormand: A brave man who faces gaily apoplexy and gout, calamities more serious than war and the plague.

* *

Hieroglyphics: Symbolical figures that learned men do not understand, but that

they explain before people whom they know to be as ignorant as themselves.

* *

Historian: A grave novelist. I have not said: serious.

* *

Hospitality: Regarded as a sacred duty by the savages of America until the invasion of European manners. Still practised by Scotchmen in comic operas.

* *

Ignorant: Faculty of one who knows nothing; who knows badly what he knows, or knows something other than what he should know.

* *

Imbecile: A fool who thinks that he is witty.

* *

Importance: The grandeur of fools.

* *

Indigestion: Death on the field of honor for a gastronomer.

* *

Inventor: A good man laboring to obtain wealth for others.

Jealous: A poor man looking for a clue which he hopes not to find.

* *

Legend: Untruth often truer than history.

* *

Livery: Colored coat which masters make their servants wear to avoid mistakes of identity.

* *

Luxury: Exasperates the workingman, and makes him earn a living.

* *

Merchant: Man who makes a large fortune by regularly losing a round sum on every object that he sells.

* *

Medallion: A gold box wherein one puts the portrait that one gives to a beloved woman. When there are diamonds around the jewel the portrait is more valuable.

* *

Medicine: Art of correctly curing. If a man were cured of a cruel malady by reme-

dies of old women or charlatans, all the vials of the Faculty's indignation should fall on his head.

* *

Mien: One with the mien of an honest man may be a rascal, but one with the mien of a rascal is seldom an honest man.

* *

No: When a woman smiles in saying "no," it means "yes."

* *

Obey: Willingly a woman obeys her husband, for she does not allow him to have any other will than her own.

* *

Operetta: Music of cadence and of decadence.

* *

Orator: A man who talks for his pleasure.

* *

Parsimony: Avarice of the poor.

* *

Parvenu: A man smart enough to make

a fortune and not witty enough to make his happiness forgiven.

* *

Patience: Virtue which makes one bear with resignation the blows of fate and even the blows coming from elsewhere. I never admired that virtue, save in the saints of stone that remain for centuries at the door of cathedrals, exposed to all storms, without quitting their beatific smile.

* *

Politeness: The art of saying in an exquisite manner the reverse of what one thinks.

* *

Polygamy: The height of fatuity.

* *

Prodigal: My old preceptor always said that the prodigal was a man who lighted his lamp at noon and had no more oil when night came.

* *

Rhetoric: The art of saying airy nothings with a certain elegance.

Riches: Tariff of consideration.

* *

Senator: Eclectic personage who finds the same thing good and bad according to the official situation of his party.

* *

Sublime: A beautiful thought simply expressed.

* *

Tact: The most indescribable of qualities. You have tact, nobody notices it; you lack tact, it is remarked by everybody.

* *

Translator: A man who translates seldom well the author's text and always badly his thought.

* *

Usury: An agreement between necessity and avarice.

* *

Vengeance: Sometimes a pleasure, always a bad deed.

* *

Widower: One who has done time in jail.

X: The unknown; what women love the most.

* *

Youth: A boon appreciated in old age only.

* *

Zeal: An excessive desire to do well which one finds in those that have more good-will than tact.

Example:

Monsieur enters; Antoine, his valet, hands to him gloves wrapped in a piece of newspaper and says:

"Monsieur, here are gloves which I found in your overcoat pocket. As I knew that you did not wear twelve button gloves I took them to Madame, and Madame threw them out of the window, but I picked them up."

CCXXXI.

I do not know what morality in art is.

Francisque Sarcey.

CCXXXII.

ON EARTH.

Ever on earth the flowers have died,
And short is every song-bird's lay;
I dream of summers that abide
Alway.

Ever on earth lips greet and glide
Nor let their velvet softness stay;
I dream of kisses that abide
Alway.

Ever on earth have mortals sighed
O'er loves and friendships turned to clay;
I dream of unions that abide
Alway.

Sully-Prudhomme.

CCXXXIII.

Have genius! In art, talent is nothing.

Théodore de Banville.

CCXXXIV.

The heart of a man is ageless.

Alfred de Musset.

CCXXXV.

The heart has no wrinkles.

Fénelon.

CCXXXVI.

Love life, but love it not for vulgar pleasures, for miserable ambitions. Love it for what in it is important, grand, divine.

Silvio Pellico.

CCXXXVII.

Recollection makes one pensive; anxiety, dreamy.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

CCXXXVIII.

Beware of worrying about little things; it is the malady of happy people.

Mme. Necker.

CCXXXIX.

Our passions and our necessities are our real tyrants. One should always be simple and virtuous, even if only for love of independence.

Mme. Ackermann.

CCXL.

In fine, there is nothing in life except what we put in it.

Mme. Schwetchine.

CCXLI.

Do not take upon yourself a load of hatred; it is a heavier load than you think.

Mme. de Sévigné.

CCXLII.

One must deserve and avoid praise.

Fénelon.

CCXLIII.

A little of everything, nothing quite to one's wish—the way to be moderate, wise and content.

Joubert.

CCXLIV.

If one must go to an extreme of defectiveness let the fault be softness.

François de Sales.

CCXLV.

In a book the mind talks; in the face the mind shows itself.

V. Duruy.

CCXLVI.

One is almost always mistaken who sees malice in everything.

Voltaire.

CCXLVII.

One must have a soul to have taste.

Vauvenargues.

CCXLVIII.

The critic is the man who knows and teaches others how to read.

Sainte-Beuve.

CCXLIX.

One must make himself liked, for men are just only with those that they like.

Joubert.

CCL.

There are men who to be faultless lack

nothing except not to think that they are perfect.

Prince de Ligne.

CCLI.

It is tempting God to love pain.

Alfred de Musset.

CCLII.

Think of the ills whereof you are free.

Joubert.

CCLIII.

Distrustfulness, too, has its dupes.

Mme. Swetchine.

CCLIV.

Virtue by policy is virtue of vice.

Sully-Prudhomme.

CCLV.

Without dew and light flowers fade. Charity and love are the dew and light of the human heart.

Mme. de Gentis.

CCLVI.

Self-love makes us blind. It is the greatest of flatterers.

La Rochefoucauld.

CCLVII.

Let us be kind, if we wish to be regretted.

Pierre Loti.

CCLVIII.

Young men, do not picture the world to yourselves too handsomely, for fear that you may lack courage when you see it as it is.

Ernest Lavisse.

CCLIX.

Exterior signs of great afflictions are for the living as mausoleums are for the dead; they often attest more conceit than sorrow or virtue.

Chateaubriand.

CCLX.

A society without prejudices makes a world without scruples.

De Bonald.

CCLXI.

From women who have no faith or who fear to be too faithful, God deliver me.

Xavier Marmier.

CCLXII.

How corrupted the heart of man is, to be capable of the sublime sacrifices that friendship exacts.

Alfred de Vigny.

CCLXIII.

Those who have not suffered together do not know the most powerful heart-ties.

Alexandre Dumas.

CCLXIV.

Oh! poverty, thou art a severe teacher. But at thy noble school I have received more precious lessons, I have learned more great truths than I shall ever find in the spheres of wealth.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

CCLXV.

Liberty is the right to meddle with the affairs of others.

Abbé Galiani.

CCLXVI.

Every time that a fool wants to become wicked he must meet a wicked man who is looking for a fool.

Beaumarchais.

CCLXVII.

Modesty should be in a middle-ground between vanity and humility; but it is often nearer one than the other.

Legouvé.

CCLXVIII.

There is nothing so trifling as to be without effect.

Montesquieu.

CCLXIX.

Affability cannot be taught; it is a natural expression of the heart.

Mme. de Caylus.

CCLXX.

When women cease to be natural they cease to be affable.

Legouvé.

CCLXXI.

It is imitating somebody to plant cabbage.

Alfred de Musset.

CCLXXII.

The man who is seldom mistaken about others is often mistaken about himself.

Duclos.

CCLXXIII.

Mediocre minds ordinarily condemn everything that passes their comprehension.

La Rochefoucauld.

CCLXXIV.

One who talks without thinking resembles a hunter who shoots without aiming.

Montesquieu.

CCLXXV.

Virtue glories in persecution as a flag glories in its rags.

F. Mistral.

CCLXXVI.

To ask a favor a man says to himself, "What shall I say?" a woman meditates, "What shall I wear?"

Metternich.

CCLXXVII.

Life, which we find too short, is made of many days which we find too long.

Octave Feuillet.

CCLXXVIII.

There is a sort of hatred which is never extinguished: it is the hatred that superiority inspires in mediocrity.

Paul Bourget.

CCLXXIX.

To be without enemies is to be unworthy of having friends.

Joubert.

CCLXXX.

Too much wisdom is harmful to mediocre minds; a little folly suits them better.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

CCLXXXI.

When conceit marches in front, shame and damage walk behind.

Louis XI.

CCLXXXII.

Every man has three temperaments: the one he has, the one he shows and the one he thinks he has.

Alphonse Karr.

CCLXXXIII.

If people of wit could not use fools, what would be the use of their wit?

Ernest Renan.

CCLXXXIV.

One who runs after wit often catches silliness.

Montesquieu.

CCLXXXV.

Nothing is more unbearable than the man who is never in the wrong, unless it be the man who thinks he is always in the right.

Honoré de Balzac.

CCLXXXVI.

Beware of those who talk of their dinners, who boast of their wines: it is the conceit of Diogenes which appears through the rents of his cloak.

Alphonse Daudet.

CCLXXXVII.

In reality history is of no avail. Humanity is caught every day with traps that have served before.

Jules Simon.

CCLXXXVIII.

Probity is the virtue of the poor; virtue should be the probity of the rich.

Diderot.

CCLXXXIX.

The art of the philosopher is to direct, of the ambitious to follow, opinion.

Camille Desmoulins.

CCXC.

In the course of life, how many persons

stop on their way and fail because, like Atalanta, they let the gold apples seduce them!

Honoré de Balzac.

CCXCI.

The one who thinks he is smarter than all others, is almost always the most easily duped.

Octave Mirbeau.

CCXCII.

The heart of a man without discretion is an open book where everybody may read.

Sully-Prudhomme.

CCXCIII.

There are very honest people who do not think that they have had a bargain unless they have cheated the merchant.

Anatole France.

CCXCIV.

In this world, one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.

Marivaux.

CCXCV.

Fine wit is often false, precisely because it is fine.

Paul Bourget.

CCXCVI.

The world is possessed by money, but it is led by imagination and by the heart.

Melchior de Vogüé.

CCXCVII.

The surest way to get rid of a bore is to lend money to him.

Paul Louis Courier.

CCXCVIII.

How many persons would be devout if impiety were made ridiculous!

Joseph de Maistre.

CCXCIX.

The universe is a sort of book only the first page of which has been read by those who have seen no other country but their own.

Sténdhal.

CCC.

The man of brains sees difficulties, surmounts or avoids them; the fool knows no difficulties.

La Bruyère.

CCCI.

The desire to appear skillful is often a bar to becoming skillful.

La Rochefoucauld.

CCCII.

Even when officious, untruth is repugnant to delicate minds.

Ibsen.

CCCIII.

To appreh contempt is to have deserved it already.

Pierre Loti.

CCCIV

To cull abundantly from the field of variety is to reap in the domains of pleasure.

Le Sage.

CCCV.

Good maxims are germs of all good; firmly impressed on the memory they nourish the will.

Joubert.

CCCVI.

To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved.

Leibnitz.

CCCVII.

Love is I know not what, which comes from I know not where and which finishes I know not how.

Scudéry.

CCCVIII.

Love is the poetry of the senses.

Balzac.

CCCIX.

Love is selfishness in two persons.

Boufflers.

CCCX.

Love is to be two and only one; a man

and a woman that are melted into an angel: it is Heaven.

Victor Hugo.

CCCXI.

Marriage is a science.

Honoré de Balzac.

CCCXII.

What speech of a man may act like the silence of a woman?

Jules Michelet.

CCCXIII.

Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.

Ninon de Lenclos.

CCCXIV.

Such is the measure of love that none in it should keep his reason.

Marie de France.

CCCXV.

Apollo's children are ever unfortunate.

Jean Vatel.

CCCXVI.

Many thorns, Love, accompany thy roses!

Malherbe.

CCCXVII.

There is something of one's soul in one's voice.

Henri Lavedan.

CCCXVIII.

One's country is the earth, the universe.

Gustave Flaubert.

CCCXIX.

The happiest nations are the poor nations, because they are the most virtuous, and there is only one way to happiness on earth, the way of virtue.

Sténdhal.

CCCXX.

Everything may be demonstrated by reasoning, except the things which we feel are veritable.

Maurice Barrès.

CCCXXI.

It is not susceptibility that governs the world.

Ferdinand Brunetière.

CCCXXII.

The only true happiness for a woman in this world is a happy marriage.

Maria Theresa.

CCCXXIII.

The most reasonable women have hours wherein to be unreasonable.

Victor Cherbuliez.

CCCXXIV.

Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment.

Montaigne.

CCCXXV.

Reputation is such a thing that it keeps many men in awe, even amongst civilized nations, and is very much stood upon.

Thomas Morton.

CCCXXVI.

I saw the Vanity of Honor, and therefore, why should I be troubled for the loss of it by the want of enlargements.

Thomas Shepard.

CCCXXVII.

The blackamoor's darkness differs not in the dark from the fairest white.

Roger Williams.

CCCXXVIII.

The finest bread has the least bran; the purest honey, the least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self-love.

Anne Bradstreet.

CCCXXIX.

There is no certainty of anything in this world.

Jonathan Mitchell.

CCCXXX.

No man is made only for himself and his own private affairs, but to serve, profit and benefit others.

Benjamin Colman.

CCCXXXI.

A word to the wise is enough.

* *

God helps them that help themselves.

* *

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright.

* *

But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

* *

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

* *

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

* *

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

* *

Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

* *

He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

* *

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

* *

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.

* *

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

* *

Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

* *

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

* *

Fly pleasures and they will follow you.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

* *

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

* *

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

* *

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

* *

Want of care does us more harm than want of knowledge.

* *

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

* *

In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it.

* *

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

* *

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

* *

If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.

* *

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

* *

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

* *

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty and supped with Infamy.

* *

Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other.

* *

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

* *

No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

Don't give too much for the whistle.

Benjamin Franklin.

CCCXXXII.

What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value.

Thomas Paine.

CCCXXXIII.

Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act.

Thomas Jefferson.

CCCXXXIV.

Without secluding yourself from the other sex, let it occupy but a small portion of your time.

Timothy Pickering.

CCCXXXV.

About the only person we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

George Denison Prentice.

CCCXXXVI.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CCCXXXVII.

The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or wedded into one substance.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CCCXXXVIII.

To appreciate thoroughly the work of what we call genius, is to possess all the genius by which the work was produced.

Edgar Allan Poe.

CCCXXXIX.

Life is a count of losses every year.

Albert Pike.

CCCXL.

Life is a dream.

Calderon.

CCCXLI.

My dear friends, let us tell tales. While we are telling tales, the tale of life approaches its end and we are happy.

Denis Diderot.

CCCXLII.

How happy, how rich, how honored, how talented, how healthy, soever you may be, remember that you must die and abandon all.

Philip Neri.

CCCXLIII.

Speak, if you have something to say which is better than silence.

Gregory Nazianzen.

CCCXLIV.

Do you wish to be absolved? Love.

Peter Chrysologus.

CCCXLV.

In temptations against purity, the victorious are the timorous who take to flight.

Philip Neri.

CCCXLVI.

He who denies self-evident truths cannot be reasoned with.

Epictetus.

CCCXLVII.

Is life worth living? I should say that it depended on the liver.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

CCCXLVIII.

A self-made man? Yes—and worships his creator.

Henry Clapp.

CCCXLIX.

When men begin their prayers with "O thou omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all-seeing, ever-living, blessed Potentate, Lord God Jehovah!" I should think they

would take breath. Think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast, praying in such a strain! He has a note coming due, and it is going to be paid to-day, and he feels buoyant; and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say that he is a sinner: he is proud to say that he is a sinner. Then he asks for his daily bread. He has it; and he can always ask for it when he has it. Then he jumps up and goes over to the city. He comes back at night and goes through a similar wordy form of "evening prayers;" and he is called "a praying man!" A praying man? I might as well call myself an ornithologist because I eat a chicken once in a while for my dinner.

Henry Ward Beecher.

CCCL.

We are columns left alone, of a temple once complete.

Christopher Pearce Cranch.

CCCLI.

We shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it.

Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber.

CCCLII.

Yes; faith is a goodly anchor.

James Russell Lowell.

CCCLIII.

Labor, calling, profession, scholarship and artificial and arbitrary distinctions of all sorts, are incidents and accidents of life, and pass away. It is only manhood that remains and it is only by manhood that man is to be measured.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

CCCLIV.

Consider the lilies.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CCCLV.

There are gains for all our losses, there are balms for all our pain.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

CCCLVI.

The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that Nature can do in her higher moods.

Mary Noailles Murfree.

CCCLVII.

To be really cosmopolitan, a man must be at home even in his own country.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CCCLVIII.

Who, alas! can love and then be wise!

Byron.

CCCLIX.

Jupiter himself cannot love and be wise.

Seneca.

CCCLX.

It is better to be too bold than not bold enough.

Machiavelli.

CCCLXI.

Learning without politeness makes a disagreeable pedant, and politeness without learning makes a superficial, frivolous puppy.

Chesterfield.

CCCLXII.

He gives a double benefit to the needy who gives quickly.

Publius Syrus.

CCCLXIII.

It is said, "The woman who deliberates is lost." The truth is, women are lost because they do not deliberate.

Amelia E. Barr.

CCCLXIV.

Genius creates, taste preserves. Taste is the good sense of genius. Without taste, genius is only a sublime madness.

Chateaubriand.

CCCLXV.

We must dare, and again dare, and forever dare.

Danton.

CCCLXVI.

Satire lies about literary men during their lives and eulogy lies about them after their death.

Voltaire.

CCCLXVII.

Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.

Brillat-Savarin.

CCCLXVIII.

As long as you shall be fortunate you shall have many friends; if the times become cloudy you shall be alone.

Ovid.

CCCLXIX.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sallust.

CCCLXX.

No more love, no more joy.

La Fontaine.

CCCLXXI.

Nothing exists but beauty.

Guy de Maupassant.

CCCLXXII.

When kings are building draymen have something to do.

Schiller.

CCCLXXIII.

It is not to be wise, to be wiser than is necessary.

Quinault.

CCCLXXIV.

There is no greater pain than to remember times of felicity when in the midst of misery.

Dante.

CCCLXXV.

Give me ten accomplished men for readers and I am content.

Landor.

CCCLXXVI.

As necessity is the lash that falls upon the

common people, so ennui is the lash of the upper classes.

Schopenhauer.

CCCLXXVII.

Recollections embellish life, oblivion alone makes it possible.

Gen. Cialdini.

CCCLXXVIII.

We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness lies the germ of our misfortune.

Amiel.

CCCLXXIX.

Imbecile! The facts are given you, like the block of marble or the elements of a landscape, as material for the construction of a work of art. Which would you rather be, a photographer or Michael Angelo?

Julian Hawthorne.

CCCLXXX.

Like ants and bees we labor at general works of which we do not see the object.

Ernest Renan.

CCCLXXXI.

There are tears in things.

Virgil.

CCCLXXXII.

Keep your heart on high, that is the sum of philosophy.

Victor Cousin.

CCCLXXXIII.

No one is satisfied with his fortune or dissatisfied with his intellect.

Deshoulières.

CCCLXXXIV.

Resignation, firm resignation—that is the meaning of the law of life, that is the solution of the enigma.

Tourgueneff.

CCCLXXXV.

Learning in one man's hand is a sceptre; in another's a bauble.

Michel de Montaigne.

CCCLXXXVI.

One of the misfortunes of life is that we

must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them.

De Quincey.

CCCLXXXVII.

In nineteen cases out of twenty, for a woman to play her heart in the game of love is to play at cards with a sharper, and gold coin against counterfeit pieces.

Paul Bourget.

CCCLXXXVIII.

If all women's faces were cast in the same mold, that mold would be the grave of love.

Bichat.

CCCLXXXIX.

Man believes by instinct and doubts by reason.

Jouffroy.

CCCXC.

Bad maxims are worse than bad acts.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

CCCXCI.

Advice of old men is as the sun in Winter; it enlightens without warming.

Vauvenargues.

CCCXCII.

You complain of ingratitude; were you not repaid by your pleasure in doing good?

Lévis.

CCCXCIII.

Why the word "always," on mortal lips?

François Coppée.

CCCXCIV.

Let us efface capital punishment. I am willing, but let messieurs the assassins begin.

Alphonse Karr.

CCCXCV.

The good is nothing but the beautiful in action.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

CCCXCVI.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told to him.

Lord Chesterfield.

CCCXCVII.

During life you were indeed good working camels, but when you are dead your ashes make no better compost than those of poorer animals.

Burton.

CCCXCVIII.

I have three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society.

Thoreau.

CCCXCIX.

Charity—providing you have a Superintendent, a Board of Visitors, a Ticket System, a steady moral pleasure constantly brought to bear, a Judicial Investigation and a Board of Administration, and at the same time pay personal visits—like a cloak covers a multitude of sins.

Barnet Phillips.

CD.

Perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is better to wear night-caps or not.

Samuel Johnson.

CDI.

If the hair of your Hercules was shaved off there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains.

Benvenuto Cellini.

CDII.

Like diamonds we are cut by our own dust.

Webster.

CDIII.

Ignorant enthusiasm is the most terrible of ferocious beasts.

Condorcet.

CDIV.

The fool though he be associated with a wise man all his life will perceive the truth as little as a spoon tastes the soup.

Buddha.

CDV.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.

Boileau.

CDVI.

No man can be valiant unless he hazards his body, nor rich unless he hazards his soul.

Warner.

CDVII.

Genius is only the infinite capacity of taking trouble.

Longfellow.

CDVIII.

Everyone knows what harm the bad do, but who knows the mischief done by the good?

William Makepeace Thackeray.

CDIX.

The gods are ever wisely ignorant of the defects of a horse or of a woman.

Burton.

CDX.

There is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance.

Goethe.

CDXI.

He administers justice with the same care before and after dinner.

Burton.

CDXII.

Labor makes thought healthy and thought makes labor happy.

John Ruskin.

CDXIII.

A man declares his love, a woman confesses hers.

Mme. de Genlis.

CDXIV.

Love without love-letters is love among chambermaids.

Duchesse de Longueville.

CDXV.

Call no man happy till he is dead.

Solon.

CDXVI.

Call no man unhappy till he is married.

Socrates.

CDXVII.

Modesty is the best profligacy.

Honoré de Balzac.

CDXVIII.

Women and music should never be dated.

Oliver Goldsmith.

CDXIX.

What is new is not true, what is true is not new.

Burton.

CDXX.

God pays, but he does not pay every Saturday.

Alphonse Karr.

CDXXI.

Never mind whom you praise, but be very careful whom you blame.

Edmund Gosse.

CDXXII.

There are no principles, there are only events; there are no laws, there are only circumstances.

Honoré de Balzac.

CDXXIII.

He who loves is in the right.

Schiller.

CDXXIV.

The same identical thought, I suppose, goes round in a slow whirl from one generation to another as I have seen a withered leaf do in the vortex of a brook.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CDXXV.

Most women are vain, some men are not.

Disraeli.

CDXXVI.

There are but two boons to make life worth living: love of art and art of love.

Edmond Haraucourt.

CDXXVII.

Let us be clement to the poor that have failed.

François Coppée.

CDXXVIII.

Genius is the talent of a man who is dead.

Edmond de Goncourt.

CDXXIX.

Hypocrisy is a privileged vice; it closes everybody's mouth and enjoys in peace sovereign impunity.

Molière.

CDXXX.

Most persons who have reached middle age know absolutely nothing that is worth knowing except what they saw during the one brief, sweet, youthful hour when they were in love.

William Winter.

CDXXXI.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link.

Susan Marr Spalding.

CDXXXII.

Vain all the toils of man.

Oscar Fay Adams.

CDXXXIII.

Now money's the measure of all.

Grant Allen.

CDXXXIV.

Past sounding brass are love's tones sweet.

W. H. Jewitt.

CDXXXV.

Amid the snow the birds are fed.

Andrew Lang.

CDXXXVI.

Ah! lost are the loves of long ago.

R. Le Gallienne.

CDXXXVII.

Make out of life what ye may.

Hunter McCulloch.

CDXXXVIII.

No man may have all that he please.

Brander Matthews.

CDXXXIX.

Time makes thrusts that you cannot parry.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

CDXL.

Look you keep love when your dreams decay.

John Payne.

CDXLI.

Oh, the mellow beam of the suns that wane.

Emily Pfeiffer.

CDXLII.

Fame lives, though dust decays.

Clinton Scollard.

CDXLIII.

Fate's a Fiddler, Life's a Dance.

W. E. Henley.

CDXLIV.

Many loves will a great heart hold.

C. H. Waring.

CDXLV.

Most is won when most is dared.

W. E. Henley.

CDXLVI.

What man would find the old in the new love's face.

Henry C. Bunner.

CDXLVII.

How many Winters waste our fainting fate.

John Payne.

CDXLVIII.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

CDXLIX.

Hope is born and not made.

Walter Crane.

CDL.

Oh! love's but a dance.

Austin Dobson.

CDLI.

Ah, me, if I had but wings!

Austin Dobson.

CDLII.

Man is naturally selfish and personal.

Francisque Sarcey.

CDLIII.

To be good, one must believe at least a little in the good; one must believe, not precisely that the world is good, but that it is made to become good.

Jules Lemaître.

CDLIV.

Take away from man untruthfulness and you take from him at the same time happiness.

Ibsen.

FINIS.